

NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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Only fifty-one days more of Cleveland.

The Journal agrees with the Democratic League of Kings County in thinking that under the new charter for Greater New York no franchises should be granted to private corporations for a longer period than twenty-five years; that it should always be determined by popular vote whether the city take by condemnation franchises now in the hands of corporations, and that no new franchises should be granted for any period at any time if one hundred property owners in the streets affected make protest.

But we would amend the proposition concerning the life of franchises by reducing the maximum from twenty-five to ten years. In the last analysis it is evident that no municipal monopoly should ever be intrusted to private enterprise. But if, as some persons say, it is not yet feasible under the commercial conditions that obtain at present in our civilization to municipalize monopoly, it seems clear that the city ought not to give to any corporation a franchise that will be binding upon the next generation. Nor should the corporations object to a ten-year limit to their privileges, if it is stipulated that upon popular approval of their service at the end of ten years their franchises may be renewed for a similar period.

No corporation composed of honest men, of course, would fear to put itself to the test of a popular vote, or wish a privilege continued which it had abused.

EVIL
THAT GOOD
MAY COME.

The old Jesuit maxim, "It is permitted to do evil that good may result from the evil," was long ago discredited by common consent. But of late years, through the example of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, it has been revived, renovated and re-established. Dr. Parkhurst acted upon it and inaugurated a new social regime. Angel Dennis acted upon it and landed in a lunatic asylum. Now it appears that an agent of the Comstock Society has been acting upon it.

A young artist who had arrived almost at starvation met the Comstock agent. According to the artist, the agent suggested to him to paint lewd pictures in sea shells, and gave him mental sketches of the figures. The artist painted them and sold them to the agent. Whereupon the agent procured a warrant, the artist was arrested and jailed in default of \$1,000 bail.

In court the artist asked if there was no penalty "for a man who incites to crime a fellow man who had never before thought of breaking the law in any way." There was none, and he was led away to prison, saying: "Well, that's the game of justice nowadays."

He is quite right; that is the game of justice nowadays. The artist was punished for a crime likely to corrupt society. It is true that but for the Comstock man the crime would not have been committed, and society would never have been corrupted by it. But the fact that the artist, starving and desperate, committed the crime upon solicitation and the promise of a market, shows that there was the possibility of evil in him.

But if all of us in whom there lies a possibility of evil under such distressing circumstances were put into jail, where should we find jailers?

THE
SPOOK
BUSINESS.

There is one industry which has always thrived in this country, and that, too, without the aid of any protective tariff, which is enjoying just now an unusual degree of activity in this city. It is gratifying to note in this connection that the natural healthy competition in this particular line of business has brought prices down to such a degree that its benefits are now within the reach of the humblest purse, and all those who wish to have dealings with spirits, or to see the ghosts of their dear departed, or purchase spirit paintings, can do so at rates so small that there should be at least one spook in every family.

Like the Derby race, the spook business appeals to everybody, king or cozier, millionaire or working girl, it matters not which; there are ghosts and spiritual manifestations to suit every purse. The humble mechanic returning from his week's toil can for \$2 listen to the cracked voice of his wife's aunt, who perished ten years ago, and the wealthy merchant to whom thousands are but trifles can settle the bill for the cloudland nuptials of his nephew Tommy—who was carried off by the green apple scourge in early infancy—and Little Bright Eyes, the Indian maiden who is always ready for such affairs.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the only industries in this country which give regular employment to the Redskin and have made him an important factor in their transactions are those of the spook and the gold brick.

The millionaire can also purchase fresh post-mortem works of art from such famous painters as Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens and others who were made popular here a few years ago by Madame T. S. Debar. More than one of these famous masters has shown far more industry, if not as much talent, since death overtook him than while he was on earth.

The manufacturers and dealers in spooks carry on their business in the same old-fashioned way in which it was conducted many, many decades ago, and in this regard, too, it bears a strong resemblance to that great national industry—which demanded no protection save that of the police, for which it was willing to pay, and is known to all men by these signs: the dyed mustache, the hearty handshake, the gold brick, the knockout drop, and then oblivion.

It is not strange that the methods of the spook business should remain unchanged when we consider the conservative tastes and methodical habits of those ladies and gentlemen from the spirit world who honor us with their presence from time to time. They come and go, regardless of the many changes that have taken place in this city since they first began to visit us, and although many of them were celebrated when they were stationed permanently on this planet for their restless activity and desire for conquest, knowledge or travel, at the present day they are distinguished by no such characteristics.

Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Shakespeare, Christopher Columbus and George Washington are here among us at least once a week, and where, we ask, are they to be found? Do they go to the Union Club for a not pass any doorkeeper in New York, and yet, do they establish their own? There is not one of them who could not pass any doorkeeper in New York; and yet, do they visit the continuous variety shows, or try to see Mr. Augustin Daly's version of "Much Ado About Nothing"? Do they enter into conversation with Chauncey Depew, or Richard Watson Gilder, or Russell Sage? No, they do not. What they do is what they always have done ever since rapid transit was established between the two sides of the River Styx. They simply make a bee-line for Fourteenth or Thirty-fourth street and devote the evening to pounding on the table in the presence of an assemblage of open-mouthed "ols," who are enough in themselves to tempt

honest men into the bunco business. That is the company in which Alexander and Napoleon and Shakespeare are to be found when they visit New York.

TWO
WHO HAVE
FAILED.

It being proposed to the House of Representatives of the United States that the notorious thefts and swindles of Collis P. Huntington and his associates in the Pacific Railroad frauds should be condoned, the swindlers pardoned and the property put again in the hands of those who once looted it that they might loot it again, two Democratic Congressmen from the city of New York voted in favor of the proposition for the encouragement of theft. Here are their names:

GEORGE B. MCLELLAN.
WILLIAM SULZER.

These men represent different wings of the Democratic party. One is for gold, the other for silver. But they have joined hands in abject subservience to the most conscienceless, the most rapacious, the most dishonest, the most scoundrelly association of capitalists preying on the people that ever cursed a nation.

That the Funding Bill is dead—killed by honest men with the interests of their fellow citizens at heart—does not lighten the burden of guilt which those who voted against it must bear. They are on record as supporting a measure for the spoliation of the people, a measure for the condonation of theft and fraud, a measure which purposed an assault upon the means of the people for half a century to come. No man could have supported this measure without some disingenuous motive. Probably no man did.

The satisfaction the Journal feels in the defeat of a measure which it particularly attacked is tempered in some degree by the discovery that men it had believed conscientious, if not able, have shown themselves neither.

THE PLAN
OF THE
GAS PIRATES.

It seems clear now that the New York Gas Trust has decided that the only way to defeat the Journal in its fight for cheap gas in the Legislature is not to oppose it openly, but to offer a substitute bill in its interest, though ostensibly designed to serve the public interest.

This substitute, it is understood, is to provide for a graduated reduction in the price of gas five cents a year for five years, after which the price is to remain stationary for an indefinite period.

The Legislature must not be deceived by any such subterfuge as this. In the first place, the people have been paying an exorbitant price for gas too long already. There is no reason why they should be compelled to wait five years longer for relief they should have obtained years ago. In the next place, such a measure would enable the Trust to cut down expenses in its salary list, and in other ways arrange matters so that dividends on its tremendously watered stock would not be diminished, thus intrenching itself more firmly than ever in its seat on the city's back. For, of course, having yielded an inch, it would call up that sacrifice to prove that it should not be forced to yield the ell.

No; if the Journal's bill does not seem good to the gentlemen of Albany, only one substitute for it can be considered. That is a bill condemning the franchise held by the Trust and authorizing their purchase at a reasonable price by the people.

SHORTER HOURS
FOR
DRUG CLERKS.

Some weeks ago the Journal editorially called attention to the shameful and dangerous oppression of drug clerks, who are compelled to work in many instances sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, for from \$12 to \$14. Druggists all over the country, even as far west as San Diego, took the matter up, and the organ of the drug trade, the Pharmaceutical Era, has been full of letters supporting the Journal's position, and has editorially approved it. Now a few druggists of New York and Brooklyn have inaugurated a movement to unite the trade in an agreement to lessen the hours of work for the clerks and of business for themselves by closing before 9 o'clock in the evening, and at least half of Sundays.

It is to be earnestly hoped that they will succeed, for no reform is more vitally connected with the general health and welfare. In the first place, no man who can be hired for the drug clerk's present pittance can be intelligent enough to compound the deadly drugs called for in physicians' prescriptions. When the man who is content to work for \$12 a week has been on his feet busily engaged for fourteen or fifteen hours his intellect of necessity is clouded with sleep and weariness, and if he was dangerous before he is certain to work mischief now.

Physicians and druggists—some druggists—will say that many a death that has been certified to and seemed unavoidable has been the result of murder by incompetent and worn-out compounders of prescriptions. The druggists and the doctors "stand in" with one another, and such cases very seldom come to public attention; but that enough of them do leak out to cause trouble is shown by the organization in Brooklyn the other day of an association of druggists, whose chief if not sole object is to defend financially such of its members as may become accessories before the fact to just such murders.

A delegation of colored citizens called on Mr. McKinley and requested that he make an effort to enforce the anti-lynching plank of the St. Louis platform. Here is a great opportunity for Mr. McKinley to do something that will not conflict with the interests of the corporations which subscribed so liberally to Mr. Hanna's campaign fund.

The Illinois courts have decided that the Interstate Commerce law is not strong enough to punish railway officials who violate it. About the only thing the whole Interstate Commerce machinery is good for is to enable supernumerary politicians to hold office.

Governor Pingree's latest scheme is to have all the lobbyists who ply their vocation with legislative bodies registered and tagged. Governor Pingree shows he is a man who could make himself very unpopular at Washington and Albany.

Mr. Fairbanks is to join Thurston, Foraker, Platt and other corporation representatives in the United States Senate. The combines are preparing to take a fresh grip on the throat of the country.

Mr. Cleveland's pension agent at Pittsburg entertains a very poor opinion of the Cleveland Administration, and doesn't hesitate to say so. The gentleman is evidently electioneering for a position among the ex-office-holders.

The recent experience of Mr. Wanamaker shows that the Republican politicians have very little use for the business man in politics after the campaign subscriptions are made.

The returns from over the country indicate that there were several counterfeit Jackson Day banquets.

The Rev. Tom Dixon has endorsed the Senatorial candidacy of Hon. Tom Platt. This is going to be a great year for the Tom Tom in politics.

The trace in the Board of Police Commissioners is as fragile as a New Year's resolution.

There is no telling who will be the next victim of the Magistrate Motting process.

Ellen Cassidy's
Pink Tarlatan.

From her bed Ellen could see a patch of sky—the merest bit of dark color lit by a throbbing star. It was a patch cut off squarely by the straight lines of the tenement roofs. She did not remember as she lay rigidly still the night after the dance, ever to have noticed it before. But then Ellen was not used to lying awake. It is not, however, every night that one dances the soles off a pair of gilt slippers at a ball given by the Father Mathew Chapter of the Amalgamated Sons of Temperance. It is not every night that the Prince stoops to see Cinderella or the floor manager of such a festivity, glittering with gold-lettered ribbons, singles out one—a tremulous, humble one at that—for attention, nay, not mere attention, for affection. It is not every night that one's pink tarlatan dress causes one's admirer to say how like one is to a bunch of pink carnations, such as the men sell at the foot of the elevated stairs. Not every night is one loved, and one may be excused for insomnia when all these marvels happen, especially if the morrow will be Sunday and the week day rule for early rising suspended.

Ellen lay perfectly still. Movement would mean waking her three little sisters, and they would want to know about the dance. So she was motionless, looking out on the patch of blackness above the opposite roof, and living again every instant of the magic evening. It was strange, she thought, that she had never noticed the star burning over there. It was wonderful that never until that night had she considered how resplendently handsome, how winning, how commanding a figure Joe's was. Joe and his people had lived in the tenement above for six months, and she had been blind to him. She had lived in the tenement below Joe for six months and never until that night had she seen how like a bunch of pink carnations she was! She closed her eyes and thrilled with the wonder and mystery and joy of it.

"It's the dress," she said to herself. "The blessed dress!" It was lying over a chair, ghostly in the dark, with its pink sleeves spread and its ribbons folded decorously. She opened her eyes to smile upon the enchanted garment. She blushed vividly to remember that all the airy pink gauze had been crushed for a minute in Joe's arms when he had left her at the door and had whispered:

"Remember now! you're to drop the rest of this—how much can you live on, Ellen, darling?"

She wished to get up, to go over and caress the happy dress that had won her this golden bliss.

"O've a mind to be married in it," she thought. "Shure what do I care that white's the weddin' color? O'll ast Joe, an' if he don't mind O'll will."

Then Ellen fell into a doze in which leagues of pink gauze floated across the sky and one star shone steadily through the rosy mist, and Joe, in some incomprehensible way, was managing the scenic display in the heavens.

It was very hot when she awoke. She was dull. Her breath was gone. Her limbs were heavy. There was a strange odor in the room. She tried to rise, to call, and could not. Then dimly she was conscious of hands that shook her and of a voice that called to her in agony. And finally she knew the hand and voice for her father's.

"Oh, for God's sake, Ellen," he cried. "Wake up! Wake up! Sure the place is on fire. Wake up! Wake up! Fire! D'ye hear me, child?"

She heard at last. She was alive again. She was conscious of being rushed into the narrow hallway. There were clouds of smoke puffing and wicked tongues of flame licking their way about the stairs.

"They're all out, praise to God, but yourself, Ellen. Run for us. Run!" shouted her father.

Ellen started to obey, but half way down the stairs she screamed:

"My dress! My dress! Oh, my dress! My weddin' dress!"

Somehow she got back. Somehow she escaped again crushing the fiery to her bosom as she fled. Somehow she reached the street with the rumpled, smoke-stained mass tight in her arms. And then, when the cold wind blew her dreams out of her mind, she suddenly remembered Joe, on the floor above. And, remembering him, she screamed again shrilly, and dropped the poor pieces of tulle.

But it was too late. Joe heard the story of Ellen Cassidy's mad vanity, which led her to risk her life for a few yards of pink tarlatan, and his heart was hot with indignation within him.

"Shure it's lucky for me that we had the fire, near as O' was to losin' me life in it. But for that O' might never hev known what kind of a woman Joe Cassidy was more for a few rays of light than a man yepurindin' me. I showed ye in yer time, an' now ye see Cassidy, an' O'll thank ye for givin' me to go my own way aft' this."

And not even when he saw the Cassidy baby's rag doll attired in the remnants of the pink tarlatan did he understand or forgive.

As for Ellen, she has been troubled frequently with insomnia lately, but from the window of the new tenement she cannot see the patch of sky lit by the quivering star.

—ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE ELUSIVE FERRYBOAT.

Swift as the rocket down the street He scurries where the blizzard blows. The wings of dawn are on his feet. His eyeballs glimmer as he glides.

His coat falls far behind him Boat. And flutter o'er the gleaming pave. He hustles for the ferryboat. That whistles on the wobbling wave.

A minute more and it will be Adrift to catch the Jersey train— The last that goes to-night and he Puts on more steam, but all in vain.

Oh, all his feelings soon congeal. And all his lofty thoughts take flight. When, like a thunderbolt, his heel Shoots from the coal hole cover bright.

And he collapses, while his vim Fades like the Springtime's faintest bud— He casts his figure in a grim Instigle upon the mud.

And when once more a surge he makes He sees the boat upon the stream. And raves like one pursued by snakes Through some unearthly lobster dream.

That boat is like Fanny's "rose of red" That we may never never know. Because for it we fly and it Of taking time and going slow.

And on the path of Fame, late, When all is rosy, fair and bright, The coal hole cover lies in wait To send us sprawling in our flight.

—R. K. N. UNKITTICK.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music. Two Little Virgins. American Theatre. Captain Impudence. Bijou. Counted Into Court. Broadway Theatre. Shamus O'Brien. Broadway Music Hall. The Gessler. Columbus Theatre. Under the Palm Star. Casino. An American Beauty. Daly's. The Gelsin. Empire Theatre. Under the Red Robe. Eden Musee. World of Wax. Fifth Avenue. A Superduper Musical. Grand Opera House. New Eight Bells. Garrick Theatre. Secret Service. Garden Theatre. Horatio. Haymarket. Hoyt's Theatre. A Contented Woman. Herald Square. The Girl from Paris. Harlem Opera House. Strayed or Stolen. Huber's 14th St. Museum. Vaudeville.

Irving Place Theatre. Ratslayer. Keith's. Continuous Performances. Koster & Bial's. Vaudeville. Knickerbocker Theatre. The Hobbs. Murray Hill. The Great Northwest. Olympia-Music Hall. Vaudeville. 835 P. M. Water Garden. Bal Chamberre. 11 P. M. People's Theatre. The Power of the Press. Pastor's Theatre. Vaudeville. Pleasure Palace-Music Hall. 1:30 P. M. to Midnight. Proctor's 23d St. Continuous. Noon to 11 P. M. Star Theatre. A Trip to Chinatown. Third Ave. Theatre. The Merry World. Wallack's. The Cherry Pickers. 14th St. Theatre. The Cherry Pickers.

Just a Moment with
the Chappies.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

It is my sincerest hope that the horse set will bring to successful issue the proposition to establish an annual steeplechase meet where gentlemen jockeys will have the opportunity to exercise their skill without competing with professionals.

There is a large number of chappies and chappissettes who love horses and want horse racing without the scandal of book betting and the disreputable rabble that always follows in its wake.

There is no good reason why this wish should not be gratified. The grounds are available, horses are cheap and horsemen are sufficient.

"Foxie" Keene will return from England to ride, Willie Tiffany is eager for honors in the saddle; C. Raoul Duval is a real devil astride a horse; R. L. Stevens

Over the Sticks. is wholly without fear in cross-country riding; while H. K. Vingt, Natty Reynal, Rawlins Cottinet, Louis Haight, Arthur White, Ralph Ellis, W. C. Hayes, C. Albert Stevens and a dozen others could get into form with very little trouble.

Then, of course, Craig Wadsworth would come on from the Genesee Hotel; Josh Horner, Harry Birchard and Nicolas would head a delegation from the Elk Ridge and Great Spring Valley clubs, of Maryland. Colonel J. A. L. Strathy, of the Royal Canadian Scots, would blaze the way from Montreal, and Boston and Philadelphia could be depended on for something.

Only a little agitation and energy just now and we shall have the greatest boom in amateur horse racing that we have ever known.

And right here I should like to make a suggestion. Not long ago some enterprising individual conceived the idea of a grand boxing exhibition by retired pugilists. It was a great success.

Why can't we get up "The Has Beens Steeplechase?"

Can you imagine anything more interesting than a cross-country contest between Sam Howard, Arthur Hunter, Tom Hitchcock, Oliver Bird, Fred Griswold, Stanley Mortimer, George Work, Belmont Purdy, Willie K. Thomas, Kinsley Magoun, Cordy, William "Len" Jacobs, Johnnie Cowdin, Jack Cheever, H. L. Herbert and Angie Belmont?

The conditions might be made to include "Put" Collier and George Gould, and then we would have fun.

This suggestion is respectfully submitted to the promoters of amateur horse racing in and about the Greater New York.

The Committee on Nursery Gossip hasn't reported for a long time, possibly because its predictions as to the Countess de Castellane, the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady William Beresford have not been fulfilled.

The latest news from England, however, with regard to the latter two distinguished American women is encouraging. Details of layettes are now in order.

If poor old Count Kessler's astral body is anywhere around it should be violently agitated over the reappearance of Otero in this country.

The only time I ever saw this most deliberate of cranes approximate the saltatorial was at a midnight supper in Delmonico's when she grabbed the ropes of ivory off the table, wrapped them around her tall figure and made the Count waltz with her until the poor old fellow was quite winded and perspiring like an untrained after-dinner speaker.

It would seem from the newspapers that Mme. Otero is to be introduced to chappie-dom as a novelty, with the stamp of all Europe on her.

She will not be new to anybody but the youth who wore knickerbockers when she was here before. And as for the stamp, she had that then, too, and banked on it.

What is the sense of denying an existing engagement, only to announce it afterward?

Ever since Mrs. Astor denied that her son Jack was engaged to Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, and subsequently announced that they would wed, it has come to be considered the proper thing to do likewise in such matters.

The latest instance of this foolishness is furnished in the case of "Baby Belle" Neilson and Arthur Kemp, whose engagement was denied the other day, but is now announced.

If this sort of thing keeps up we shall come to accept the denial of an engagement as the announcement of a wedding to be.

And here is the old explanation that is offered: The young lady is very fond of draw poker. She thinks that a little game at a dollar limit is just about the most blissful amusement this poor world affords.

He knows her taste, and sympathizes with it. Indeed, in the pre-nuptial period preceding the illness that prevented the

wedding he was not averse to filling a hand himself.

But now he has to stand out when the cards are dealt, because he recently lost an official position, and is therefore no longer eligible to the strictly cash game that his sweetheart plays.

She is generous, and would gladly stake him for either the poker or the matrimonial game, but he won't have it. He takes the very chivalric ground that if he can't put up for the poker play he won't wed the poker player.

And so Love waits in sad impatience for a better turn of Fortune's wheel.

Meantime, the dollar limit poker game proceeds with unbroken regularity, and its excitement dulls the matrimonial disappointment of at least one of the people most interested.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt was very pale as he walked down Fifth avenue yesterday.

The mourning that he wears for his grandmother accentuated the pallor of his face, he moved as though it pained to walk, and altogether, he gave the impression of one who was suffering severely.

But then yesterday was a day to try the soul of any man afflicted with rheumatism.

Some of the over-curious are asking why a certain marriage, which was postponed last fall on account of the illness of the bride to be just before the wedding day, hasn't come off.

The young lady recovered her health weeks ago and is as lively as a cricket, while the chappie in the case is quite a bit physically, as we say when we are very well and want to appear English, but nothing is heard of a resumption of matrimonial preparations.

Of course it is nobody's business, but everybody wants to know about it, just the same.

With an impertinence that is truly bulle the Washington Post has this to say of my recent assertion that Tammany Hall credited Bourke Cockran with using his new social acquaintances to obtain the appointment as Minister to France:

"The French mission is a mere creature of 'Cholly's' fevered imagination. Mr. McKinley would never think of anything so weird. It is bad enough to have in office here at home a man who talks one way and acts another. It would be madness, and mischief beyond repair, to intrust our national dignity and honor to such a man abroad."

The Post may have some knowledge of Mr. McKinley's plans and purposes, as it claims, but it is lamentably ignorant of the omnipotence into which Mr. Bourke Cockran has grown since he spouted and voted for the Republican candidate.

I don't know what McKinley thinks, but I do know what Bourke thinks, and that is that there would be nothing "weird" in his appointment to the French mission.

Indeed, if McKinley had a proper sense of gratitude he would place Bourke at the head of his Cabinet; for was it not the eloquence, the logic and the influence of the ex-Tammanyite that elected him?

More money is not compensation enough for such service as this. So don't go snapping at the heels of greatness. Mr. Washington Post. Don't deny our prize political lightning change artist. Don't try to belittle the luminous social star that has flashed from the "lower five" to dazzle the "upper ten." Don't disclose your ignorance of the fact that the whole nation is at the ample feet of Cockran. Don't be a Jay.

The enlivening event of to-night will be the first Tuesday evening dance at Sherry's. This organization was formerly known as The Howling Swells, and prides itself on its exclusiveness.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Edmund L. Bayliss, Mrs. Leri P. Morton and Mrs. William A. Duer are the ladies who will receive for the "Tuesdays" to-night.

Mrs. Mortimer Brooks will give a dinner before the ball.

Mr. F. Tennyson Neely kindly furnished the newspapers yesterday with the important information that he would give a theatre party at Daly's last night, and a supper afterward in his new apartments, "58 Thirty-fifth street, West."

I trust that nothing happened to interfere with the plans of so accommodating and so important a personage as Mr. Tennyson Neely, and that the supper in his new apartments in Thirty-fifth street, West, was a success.

Poor Janie Van Allen is in trouble again. As though it were not enough that had plumping should have estranged him from Sir Roderick Cameron, new misfortune has now befallen him in the house of General J. Watts Kearney.

His boiler burst on Sunday.

Our Demosethes. (Detroit News.)

Senator Lodge has written a defence of Congressional oratory of the present day. Mr. Lodge can't understand why people hark back to the days of Webster and Clay while he is still in the Senate.

Excitement in Kansas. (Atchison Globe.)

The women are abusing their husbands for refusing to look another way when a certain Atchison girl goes by on a bicycle. They claim she shows too much leather legging, and want their husbands to be shocked.

The Pierce Dakotans. (Detroit Tribune.)

Isn't the refusal of the South Dakotans to allow Mark Hanna to interfere in their Senatorial contest in the nature of less majesty?

Caught in the
Metropolitan Whirl.

The death of Mrs. Lloyd Asplawall recalls to many of us her narrow escape from death at the time of the fire in her apartment house a few years ago. A well-known New Yorker who was an eye-witness of the scene spoke of it yesterday as follows:

"It made a deep impression on me because the whole thing was so unexpected and so thoroughly dramatic in every detail. I was coming down Fourth avenue that morning and was attracted by a crowd of people that I saw running into Twentieth street, so that I naturally turned the corner to see what had happened. There I saw a well-dressed woman seated in a very ticklish position on a steep, slanting tin roof of a bay window fully thirty feet above the stone pavement, and with a stream of smoke and flames pouring out of the window just above her head. Her position was a desperate one, but she sat perfectly still, made no outcry and seemed to be awaiting either death or the hook and ladder company with philosophical indifference. When the truck came thundering around the corner the crowd that had assembled by that time uttered frantic shouts, while many of the women wept hysterically.

"The first ladder that was put up against the building proved too short—it really seemed as if the whole thing were on the stage and this simply a device for heightening the dramatic suspense. Then another and a longer ladder was placed in position and a fireman started to mount it, but instantly a man in a checked jumper leaped upon it, too, and tried to force his way past him to the rescue. At last the fireman freed himself and started for the top, and it was just at this moment that Mrs. Asplawall began to sway and totter. Most of the people near me turned their faces away and I saw more than one woman clasp her hands and move her lips as if in prayer. Just as the fireman reached her, fell into his arms, apparently in a faint, but I noticed that when she got about half way down the ladder she suddenly recovered herself, adjusted her skirts, deserted the fireman and came the rest of the way down herself, while the crowd cheered enthusiastically. All in all, it was the most thrilling rescue that I ever saw."

A Ballad of Fifth Avenue.

Let who will sing of Broadway for ever, Fourteenth street or gay Twenty-third, But nothing my song shall disover From the Avenue all hearts has stirred.

Is there need I should give it a number? Henry